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Chapter 1 by Andrew Godfrey

As Issaic walked through the alley he saw a man in a cloak. As it is issaic's personality to give, he asked if the man wanted any coke (soda). As the man looked up he saw Pure red in his eyes. Then the man jolted and his eyes went to pure blue to pure purple. Then the man got up and started attacking Issaic.

Chapter 2 by Shadowdancer



Issaic was good at fighting, his older brother taught him, and dodged the man's fist to his face. Issaic then swung around to hit the man in the back but to realize the man wasn't there, and the man pinned Issaic to the wall with both of the man's hands on both of Issaic's wrists. Issaic struggled, trying to get out and tried to kick the man in the stomach with his knee. The man chuckled when he missed, and let go of one of Issaic's hand for a second to smash it into Issaic's nose.

Pain rang in his head, not only from his nose, but from the impact on the wall. He didn't know that he was off the wall until there was a foot on his chest from where he was laying on the ground, looking up at the narrow rectangle of sunlight gong across his vision and looking at the man who had a evil grin on his face.

The man's eyes flickered from red to purple blue green and then to black where it stayed. The man smiled widened and knee Issaic's chest, pushing him into the wall, turning Issaic's world into

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Chapter 3 by Shadowdancer



Issaic woke up, pain ringing his head. Everything was blurry, and it was really dark and hard to see.

Issaic closed his eyes and tried to rub them, but his hands were chained behind him on the wall. With the new realization, his vision started to clear, and he was in a small dark room, with only a small slit of a window on the top of the wall on his right for light.

It don't smell like anything really; that was a surprising fact. But Issaic thought it should've smelled like mold and rot and dirt, because the walls felt like it.

Issaic struggled in the chains, and found that his legs where chained too, bent to either side of him as he sat on the ground.

His stomach growled and Issaic wondered how long he was in there.

Almost as soon as his stomach growled again, the door flashed open and the multicolored eyed man peeked his head in, as if the growl summoned it.

"Hello." The man said, his eyes red and tongue flicking like a snake's. "I am glad you are awake. I have been wanting to talk to you."

"Let me go." Issaic said.

The man laughed, a full belly laugh that made Issaic back away.

"I can't let you."

The man walked over and lunged at him, picking up Issaic's chin to look eye to eyes.

The man's eyes changed, flickered from different colors as if scanning, analyzing him with a smile.

"I want your eyes."

"NO! You can't have them!"

"They are such a light color. Grey, almost white. I want them."

"You can't! Please I need them to see!"

"I don't want you eyeballs, you little little kid." The man stroked Issaic's cheek, much like a madman, despite Issaic's struggles to get free. "I want the color of your eyes. They would work perfectly in my...collection."

The eyes flicked again, red, blue, black, green, back to red again. Another flicker of purple before setting on blue. Such a human color.

"Get away from me!" Issaic's breath was coming in short gasps now, the man's face was so close to his.

"I will give you a little deal. You give me your eyes and I will give you anything you want."

"My eyes back?"

The man laughed so suddenly, Issaic jumped to the ceiling and back in his chains in milliseconds.

The man laughed and he fell on his back, rolling on the dark floor.

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Issaic breathed deeply, catching his breath from the shock, and in relief that the crazy eye changing man was away from him.

"You are funny; I like you." The man had to laugh himself out before he got up and finally look at Issaic again, with deep green eyes. "I'll give you a different deal: Give me your grey eyes, and I will give you any color in my collection." The eyes flashed through the colors, different shades of colors turning up, light green, very dark blue, yellow. "Except grey of course."

"I want something else in return." Issaic said.

The man frowned. "What."

Issaic thought. What would he want? Can he wish for anything? World Peace? His father back? Or does it have to be more tangible, like a new phone or money?

"What powers do you have?"

The man frowned more. "Color changing eyes." He said blankly.

Issaic frowned as well. Could do the safe thing and ask for money.

"I want a million dollars."

The man still frowned. "A million."

"Yes."

"I will give you ten million for those beautiful, grey eyes."

The man was back to his crazy self again, chuckling, and staring at him like he was obsessed with him, as he stared back in shock.

"So? What color do you want?" The slideshow began again.

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